Numb. 92.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amusements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the most

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domestick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday December 24th. to Wednesday December 29th. 1708.

WE desire those few Subscribers, who have not paid, in case they shall be abroad, or not stirring, when our Servants come on *Friday* next, that they will be so kind, as to leave the Money with their Servants.

Q. *Gentlemen, 'Tis the Opinion of divers Learned Men, that the Children of Israel, when they fled from* Pharaoh, *that they went not cross the Red-Sea from Strand to Strand (as is generally believ'd) but fetching a great Compass in the Sea (according as the waters were Cast up) return'd to Shore on the same side; and indeed their going out of the Wilderness of* Etham, *into the Sea (as it seems they did* Ex. 13. 20. *compar'd with* Chap. 14. 2.*) and their coming out of the Sea into the Wilderness again (and went 3 days Journey in the Wilderness of* Etham *after they came out of the Sea* Numb. 33. 8.*) gives much Countenance to that Opinion. Your thoughts on this is desir'd by your Subscriber*, &c.

A. We think the Opinion you propose, to be a no Improbable one, for the Reason, you alledge in it's Vindication. But as the Jewish Rabbins are also of this Opinion, so they add another reason to Your's, and observe, that, tho' the Israelites had cross the Sea in the most Narrow part of it, yet so great a Multitude must have spent abundantly more time, than we read they did, in Passing it.

Q. *Pray, Gentlemen, Is it a Sin, to swear by the Name of God in a true thing, for methinks the Commandment only forbids to swear in Vain.*

A. God's Name is taken *in Vain* by a Twofold Person; by the *False*, and by the *Common* Swearer. The one *Blasphemes* his Maker's Honor, the other *Sports* with it. And therefore Both Unhappily forget *that Holy and Reverent is his Name.*

But what, tho' the Commandment had not forbid Customary Swearing? Is it not sufficient, that your Saviour has forbid it; forbid it in a Full, in an Expressive manner? *Swear not at all; but let your Communication be Yea, Yea; Nay, Nay: For whatsoever is more than these Cometh of Evil.*

Q. *If an High-way Man threatens to Kill me, unless I promise him a certain Sum of Money, am I under an Obligation to pay the Sum?*

A. Since it is a certain Axiom in Morality, that Promises are things Inviolable, unless Particular Reasons supersede their Obligation, We, who are on the Affirmative side, have nothing more to do than to take off the several Objections Oppos'd to it by those, who maintain the Negative. And therefore we beg leave to Propose them, and Censure them.

1. No Faith, say some, is Binding to the Conscience, when it has for it's Object the Person of an Enemy. But this favours too Deeply of French Maxims to be allow'd admittance in a British Isle.

2. Some alledg, that a Promise is no ways Obliging, that owes it's Original to *Force*. But tho the Traveller be *Forc'd* to Choose, whether he will Part with his Money or his Life, yet what is Consequent to that Force, namely, the Choosing to Part with his Money, Rather than his Life, is a *Voluntary* Act on.

3. A Man, say they, who Acts upon a Principle of *Fear*, is no ways Master of his Reason; and therefore Incapable of making an Obligatory Promise. But here we wou'd ask a no Unreasonable Question; namely, whether a Wise Man, tho' endu'd with an Undaunted Courage, with an Undshaken Bravery of Mind under an Assault, wou'd not conclude it a very Imprudent Action to Prefer his Money to his Life.

4. Since an Highwayman, they add, is a Publick Enemy, to pay him a Sum of Money so Unwarrantably Demanded is a Breach of the Civil Constitution. But to this we Answer, that if it be Unlawful to Perform, it is Consequently Unlawful to Make the Promise. For to Make a Promise, we Intend not to Perform, as it is such a Piece of Dissimulation, as is Inconsistent with the Precepts of Morality, so it Includes a Notorious Lie. But that Lying, even while Abstracted from it's Mischievous Adjuncts, is endued with an Intrinsick Turpitude, we have Elsewhere shewn. And therefore the Civil Constitution will allow us to Pay the Sum demanded, since otherwise it must Forbid us to make the Promise. But such a Prohibition is attended with greater Inconveniences to the Publick, from the Endanger'd Lives of Innocent Travellers, than can be suppos'd to be Ballanc'd by the Payment of the Promis'd Sums. And the Argument concerning the Unlawfulness of Promising a Sum, if afterwards at Liberty, as to it's Performance, Equally Confutes the Second of the Propos'd Objections.

Q. *Why we can from* Greenwich, *at high water, plainly discern the Cattle feeding in the Isle of Dogs, and not at low water, although We and They are in the same place.*

A. Because at that time the Water is High enough to receive the Light reflected from the Cattle, in such a manner, as that the same Light entring a grosser Medium, and therefore deflecting farther from a Perpendicular, may by such a Deflection Elevare the Objects to such an Height, as to make them become Visible to those at *Greenwich*.

Q. *Gentlemen, I desire you to satisfy me, and some others of your Subscribers, how long this Kingdom hath retain'd the Name of* England; *when and by whom it receiv'd that Title. In so doing you will oblige your Humble Servant,* J. R.

A. Egbert (Son of *Alemond*) one of the Kings of the Saxon Heptarchy, and 18th King of the West-Saxons, by his Warlike Atchievements (for he was one of the famous Heroes of the Age) conquer'd the other 6 Kings, and reduc'd their Dominions under his obedience. Whereupon in the Year 819 he was crown'd at *Winchester*, Sole Monarch of *South-Britain*, under the New Title of *England*, which he establish'd by royal Proclamation, as Deriv'd from his Ancestors, the *Angles*, who Assisted the *Saxons* in the Conquest of this Country.

Q. *Gentlemen, I desire your Opinion, why lighted Coals are Red, and the Flames of a Different Colour.*

A. As according to the Incomparable Sir *Isaac Newton*, all Colours have their Existence in the Rays of Light, so Objects are of Different Colours, according as their Particles are Dispos'd to swallow up some, and Reflect other of the Differnt Rays. As therefore the Particles of the Flame are Differently Modified from the Particles of the Fiery Coals, so the Particular Modification of the Latter renders them capable of Reflecting Principally those Rays, that are endued with a Red Colour, whereas the Modification of the Former Disposes them to the Reflection of All, or almost All Sorts of Rays, from which Variety of Mixture the Colour of the Flame Arises.

Q. *What is the meaning of the word* Colprit, *and how is it to be understood upon the Top of a Certificate? Your Answer will be a Satisfaction to Yours,* G. H.

A. See *British Apollo*, Numb. 7.

Q. Apollinians, *I have often taken up a Fire-stick in my hand, and turned it Swiftly about; so that there seems a Circle of Fire, tho' the Fire is but in one Place at a time. Pray the Reason of this.*

A. The Phenomenon proceeds from no other cause than the successive Motion of the Fiery Particles, which by it's Disproportion'd Swiftness to Eludes the Optick Nerves, as that they are not able to Represent the Intervals.

Q. *Gentlemen, I Desire you would inform me, how to turn unto a Question in your Book of* Apollo's, *so as to find out a Particular Question, with the Solution to it. For I suppose you have some Method, which I am Ignorant of; which, if you will impart unto the World, will not only be serviceable unto me, but unto many more, who are Incouragers of your Ingenious Undertaking.* Oakham.

A. We have at present no other way but this, *viz.* to look for Divinity Questions in the beginning of the Paper, for Philosophy, &c in those after, and so in the Poetry; but after *Lady-Day*, an *Index* will be publish'd of the first Volumn, and then it will be easie for any in That to find all.

Q. *The humble Petition of several Young Ladies, Sheweth, That whereas Men are grown so scarce this War time, that Matrimony as well as Mars finds few Voluntiers, our Patience is quite worn out, and we resolve to go and try our Fortune in other Countries, let it be as far as the* Indies. *Now whereas your Godship Travels round the Globe every Day, and that you profess great Civilities to our Sex, your Petitioners humbly desire your Advice and Direction, in what, Country they may best be furnish'd with those convenient things call'd Husbands, and they shall ever pray,* &c.

We need not tell you how much we long for a speedy Answer.

A. Ladies, *Apollo* is always ready to open his Bowels of Compassion for Relief of the Fair Sex, and hath throughout his Diurnal Course, strictly examin'd all Places, which might give the least umbrage of Succour to your distress'd Condition; but alas! with little hopes of Success. In the *Ottoman Empire*, the Women are contented with the fourth, fifth or sixth part of a Husband; and generally in all the *Eastern* Countries, the Wives are something Inferiour to their Husband's Slaves. The *Northern*, promise but little Comfort to your warm Inclinations: *In Italy, Spain, Germany*, and all *Popish* Dominions, most of the Men are contigu'd to the Church and Celibacy; nor can we promise any Arms will be open to receive you, but those of Lady *Abbesses*; and your Petition shews, you carry no Nun's Flesh about you. So that at last (as bad as it is) little *England* promises best still; and this Comfort we will give you in your melancholy Condition; that whereas we have great Numbers of Male Lovers, before our Shrine, some Complaining of *Silvia*'s Cruelty, others of *Cloris*'s Scorn, others of *Celia*'s Inconstancy, some of *Emilia*'s Coyness, some of *Amarillis*'s Coquetry, nay, and some of *Abigail*'s Over-fondness, with infinite Numbers more, lifted under *Cupid*'s Banners; when we can muster up an Army of these disappointed Lovers equal to Match your Numbers, *Apollo* will Head them, and lead them on to Conquest.

POEMS.

Q. *OUR Youthful Sparks, and such are term'd the* (Wits,
Nay, and fine Gentlemen, *(but how this fits*
Their Genius, Wise Apollo *must advise,*
Whose Fame's so Great (all others we despise)
In their Quick Sallies, Satyrize, Lampoon,
The Fairer Sex, and as a gross Buffoon
A Marry'd Man *expose, nor will believe,*
That Matrimony *any Joys can give;*
Yokes, Halters, Pill'rys *are their frequent Jest*
By which their Parts *are wond'rously expres't:*
Now tell us whether This, true Gentry *shews,*
Or Wit-sublime, *or whence the* Error *flows.*

A. Far is't from *Gentry*, since the *best bred Men*
Esteem the *Sex*, the *Noblest Gift* of Heav'n;
The neareft to the *Glorious Forms* above,
Fram'd to exalt the *Extacy* of *Love*:
To crown with utmost Bliss our Wishes, while
They raise our Joys to Raptures with a *Smile*.
Much less is *Wit*, in those poor *Thoughts* main- (tain'd,
It rather shews, that to the *Dregs* 'tis drain'd;
Since all they Prate, is only what before,
A thousand times has been repeated o'er; They

They fancy that their *Sovereigns* they are,
And by Prerogative t' insult the Fair;
Base, Abject Thoughts, which Nobler Brutes re-
(ject,

Ought they not, if they'd *Govern*, to *Protect*;
Much less with hateful Cowardice pretend,
To Triumph over those, unarmed to contend.
Their Senseless Palate, through a Vicious Life,
Gives them no Tast t'th' Blessings of a *Wife*;
Whilst (as it is the Custom of a Fool)
What they can't *Comprehend*, they *Ridicule*.

Q. Apollo, *pray persist to Sing, Sir,*
For tho' on Hanging Days,
You Publish still your Lays,
You need not ever fear to Swing, Sir.

The Rich shall ne'er be Tyburn *Vaulters,*
Tho' rev'd for greatest Crimes,
In these impartial Times,
'Tis Poor Men only grace the Halters.

But if they are not Rich, or High-born,
Or if they Friends have none,
They quickly will be shown,
The sure and ready way to Tyburn.

Then good Apollo *say, why Reigns*
This Partiality,
(Which no Man can deny)
So oft in wicked Juror's Brains.

A. Who can condemn their Policy
Since many of those Tribes,
For Perjury and Bribes,
Know, *They* deserve the Fatal Tree.

So favour prudently a Brother,
'Cause He in time may come,
To help *reverse* their Doom,
And one *Good Turn*, *deserves another.*

D' ye hear Apollo's *Sons!*
Q. *Nine* Taylors *go to make a* Man,
As you did seem to prove,
By saying, that a lusty Maid,
Who met eight near a Grove;

And shewing them a Black-pudding,
Did fright them dreadfully,
Who thinking that it was a Gun,
Did loose their Coin *thereby.*

Now I, who am a Taylor *strong,*
And will defend the Cause,
Will fight with any two of you
At either Sword *or* Paws.

'Cause You such Scandals raise on us,
Methinks, 'tis very hard---O;
If you will meet between both Parks
THE *Valiant* Jon'than Pardoe.

A. Thou Threat'ning *Ninth*, of Temper Old,
Whose *Manhood* none believe;
Who *Laugh'st*, when all the Nation *Mourns*,
And, when that's o'er, wilt *Grieve*.

Flush'd on our *Griefs*, like *Crows* on *Corps*,
Thou would'st ex end thy *Span*,
And fancy *twelve Pence more a Day*,
Will *build Thee* up to *Man*.

March to the Parks, a *Dwarf Black Guard*,
(Thy *Match*) shall meet Thee Nimble,
Thrash thy *Lank Hide*, although thou 'rt Arm'd
With *Needle*, *Yard* and *Thimble*.

Sons of Apollo,
Q. *Forty bold Boys of us, are refolv'd,*
By Jove, *because our Questions are not solv'd,*
After your Father's Chariot to fly,
And Pull you down, tho' mounted on the Skie.
A. A *Pack* of Fools, with full-mouth'd Cry.
Resolve, *O Jupiter*, to *fly*;
Whilst *Halting*, e'er their *Flight*'s begun,
Confesses, they're not fit to *Run*.
Q. Apollo, *by an Handsome Girl*
Of late, I've been Admir'd,
And by some Charms, she's seen in me,
Believe she has been Fir'd,
Why should she Blush else, if alone
We're left, when I behold her;
O think You not in Am'rous Style,
She'd tell her Mind, if Bolder?
A. A Blush more often is a Mark
Of *Shame*, than 'tis of *Love*,
And you may fondly *That*, to what
She never meant, Improve.
She well might *Blush*, when left alone
With such a wretched Fop;
Who had a stock of Impudence,
His *weak Conceit* to Prop.

To a Young Lady *complaining that the* Spinnet, *She play'd upon, and sung to, was* out of Tune.

STill you *complain*, and still my *Soul*,
Is sweetly *Beckon*'d to your sound,
About my *Lifted Fancy*, *Phantoms* roll,
My Thoughts in *Fairy Circles* dance around:

Each *Piercing Stroke*, your nimble Fingers give,
Not only *pleases* but *dilates* my Mind,
I swell, methinks *beyond my self*, and leave
The *Tast* of *frail Mortality* behind.

My *Beating Heart* of *heav'nly force possest*,
Knocks loudly at my *Earthly Breast*.

Fain

Pain wou'd *be gone*, but knows not where.
For, when *elated* into Air,
The *ſound* is *loſt*, which ſummon'd it away,
Then all *impatient* of Delay
The raptur'd *Fugitive* is *downwards Sung*,
Clings to your *Inſtrument* tho' looſely ſtrung,
And Hangs upon the *Muſick of your Tongue.*

Still you *complain*, ſtill *Love Inſpire*,
Like Men, who live in an *infected Air*,
I gape for *Breath*, but ſtrait admit *Deſpair.*
Each Tuneſull Accent, Arm'd with pointed Pain,
Raiſes the Boundleſs *Fury of deſire*,
Which your Harmonious *Charms*, can never *lay* again.

Ah cruel Fair, too late *alas*! I ſee,
The *needleſs Stratagem* of your diſdain,
You might with *open Force* have conquer'd *me*,
For all *Reſiſtance* had been *vain.*

But *ah*! you act like ſome *Deluſive Foe*,
Who does a *ſeeming Ignorance* diſplay,
A while with *aukward Geſtures* waits each Blow,
And with a *Ruſty Sword* diſputes the Day.

Till his *unwary Enemy*, amaz'd
To find a *ſudden change* in his Alarms,
So long, *ſurpriz'd*, has on the wonder gaz'd,
That wanting skill to *fight* He throws away his
Arms.

SIR,

THE Letters from Milan adviſe, that 'tis reported there, that the Duke of Savoy endeavours to obtain from the Courts of Vienna and Barcelona the Government of the Milaneze for his Life, and offers upon that conſideration, to maintain 40000 Men at his own Charge as long as the War againſt France continues: That from Rome they write, That the Mareſchal de Theſſe, not being like to ſucceed in his Negotiations, has received Orders to leave that Place, and is preparing to return home. That two thouſand Men more that embark'd at Final are ſail'd for Barcelona. And from Verona 'tis advis'd, That the Imperialiſts employ'd in the Blockade of Ferrara, have rais'd a Battery of Cannon and Mortars, with deſign to Batter that Place, on pretence that the Pope does but amuſe the Marquis de Prie with fair Promiſes, and has again reſolv'd to augment his Forces. The Letters from the Camp before Ghent, Decem. 31. adviſe, That the Day before the Marquis de Artajan, a Brigadier, with a Colonel, and a Lieutenant-Colonel came out of the City of Ghent as Hoſtages, for the Execution of the Capitulation; and the Lord North and Grey, a Brigadier, with a Dutch Colonel, and a Pruſſian Lieutenant-Colonel, were ſent in Exchange; and this Morning our Troops took Poſſeſſion of one of the Gates of the Town, and of the Succours-Gate of the Caſtle; and the Duke of Argyle is order'd, with ſix Batalions to take Poſſeſſion of the Town on Wedneſday Morning, when the Garriſon Marches out. That the Duke of Marlborough has ſent an Officer, to the Garriſon of Bruges, to offer them the ſame Terms, as Count La Mothe has obtain'd, if they will Surrend e r that Town; and withal to let them know, that if they refuſe theſe Terms, and give his Grace the trouble to ſend ſome Forces that way, they muſt not expect any other Capitulation, than to be made Priſoners of War. That the Garriſon of the Red Fort, which Surrendred Priſoners of War, conſiſts of a Major, 2 Captains, 4 Lieutenants, 3 Sergeants, and 167 private Men; and in the Fort was found, 9 Pieces of Cannon, 7 Tuns of Gunpowder, 3 Tuns of Grenadoes, 400 Cannon Balls, 5 Tuns of Musket Shot, with Biſket, Meal, and other Proviſions for the Garriſon. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

Whereas great Numbers of Perſons come to our Printer, for our Six-penny Quarterly Book, we thought fit to give notice, that we deſign to diſpoſe of none of them but to our preſent Subſcribers, and thoſe who will become ſuch, before they are all gone, who may have them of our Servants in their Walks.

All Perſons are deſir'd to Direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, whether with Queſtions, or with Directions to become Subſcribers, or for whole Sets from the Beginning, or for Books of Guards neatly bound to keep them in, at 2 *s.* a piece, with all which they ſhall be ſerv'd at their Houſes by our Meſſengers.

Note, That they, who have whole Sets, are to pay Eight Shillings and Six *Pence* for all to *St. Thomas*'s Day except the Quarterly Book, of which great part are gone, and we ſhall not Reprint them again, having twice reprinted them already.

Note alſo, Our Rates are 2 *s.* per Quarter without the *Monthly Paper*, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with, to have them brought home to their Houſes, and to pay at the end of the Quarter; they who come within the Quarter to pay only a *Penny* a piece at Quarter-day for ſo many as they have had, and 2 *d.* a piece for the Monthly. Such as live in the Country are deſired to appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A *DVERTISEMENT* is *hereby* given to all ſuch *Gentlemen*, as have ſubſcrib'd to *MR. HILL's Preſent State of the OTTOMAN EMPIRE*, that the Books will now be *bound* as ſoon as poſſible, and the *Author* will give Notice in the *Publick Prints* when *all* are ready to be deliver'd to *SUBSCRIBERS*, that *ſo*, obſerving no *Partiality* in giving *ſome* their Books before *the Reſt*, All Perſons may have Reaſon to be *throughly ſatisfied.*

AT the Hand and Pen in Barbican, are Taught Writing in all Hands, Merchants Accompts, Bookkeeping, Algebra, Geometry, Meaſuring, Surveying, Gauging, Mechanics, Fortification, Gunnery, Navigation, Dialing, and other parts of Mathematics; alſo the uſe of the Globes and Maps after a Natural, Eaſy and Conciſe Method without burthen to the Memory. By Robert Arnold.

GEnerale Materiæ Medicæ Compendium. In Tabulam Accuratam Redactam: Qua Medici, Chyrurgi, & Pharmacopolæ, &c. (Si volnerint) Uno Diſcant Intuitu Quænam in Omni Morbo Curando, vel Præcavendo, Præcipuæ ſint Indicationes, nec non Remedia tam Generalia, quam Specifica, quibus Saluti Patientium Facili Negotio fæliciter Provideant. Autore G. C, Coll. Med. Lond. M. D. Proſtat venale apud Gul. Carter ad Inſigne Viridis Draconis in Cæmitærio Divi Pauli, London. *N. B. This is ſo contriv'd as that it may be Bound, or ſtitch'd into a Pocket-Book, or ſet in a Frame.*

THE Manor of Seaſcales (an incomparable pleaſant compact Seat) with the Appurtenances, and Fiſhing, Warren, Pigeon-coat, Mills, *&c.* with 360 Acres of Arable, Meadow and Paſture Ground, ſituate near Whitehaven (a famous Sea-Port) in the County of of Cumberland, being 200 *l. per Annum* and upwards, are to be Sold or Mortgag'd: Particulars may be had, at Mr. *Senhouſe*'s, over againſt the red Lion, in Brow-ſtreet Drury-Lane.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* Where Advertiſements are Taken in.